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KÖNIGLICHE BIBLIO-  
THEK IN BERLIN



AUS DER SAMMLUNG  
WILH. TAPPERT  
† 1907



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Mus. 10545 I

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92

C H O I C E

# GERMAN MELODIES,

OR .

A COLLECTION OF NATIONAL AIRS,

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE OR HARP;

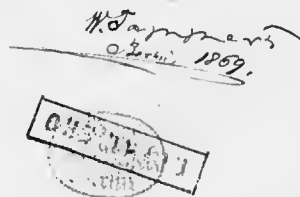
SELECTED FROM THE MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS

OF

THE AUTHOR OF THE GERMAN ERATO, THE RUSSIAN TROUBADOUR, ETC.

*Bursted*

TO WHICH ARE ADDED SEVERAL GERMAN SONGS NOW APPEARING FOR THE FIRST  
TIME IN ENGLISH, AND TRANSLATED BY THE SAME HAND.

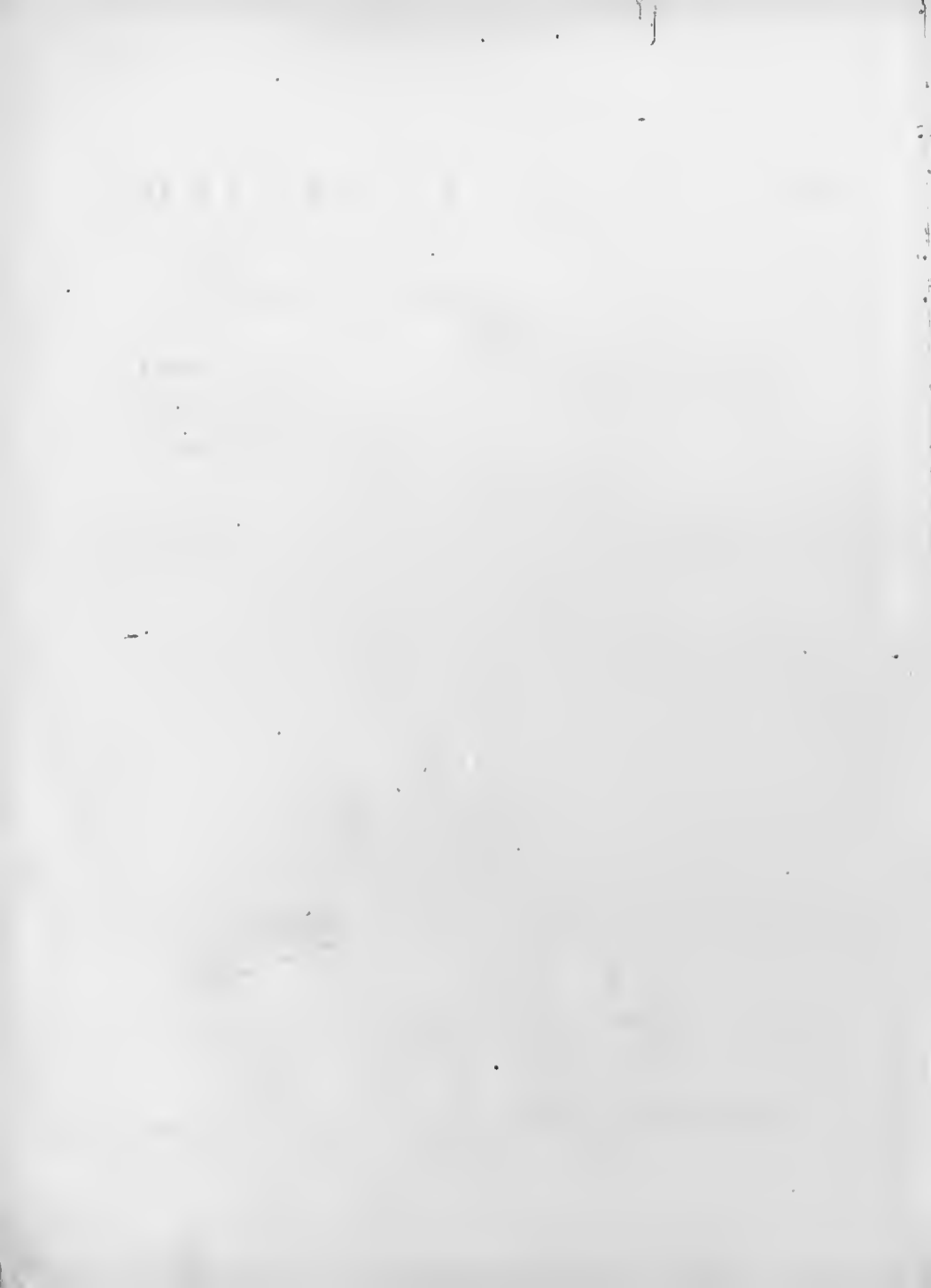


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L O N D O N;

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND SOLD BY MESSIEURS CLEMENTI AND CO. CHEAPSIDE.

MDCCCXIX.



# I N D E X.

A lonely cot is all I own;	( <i>Ich hab' ein kleines Hüttchen nur,</i> )	OLM.	1
Say, who shall mope in joyless plight,	( <i>Wer wollte sich mit Grillen plagen,</i> )	HÖLTY.	2
When'er et daylight's parting gleam,	( <i>Wenn in des Abends letztem Scheine,</i> )	MATTHIAS.	4
All bereft of love and wine,	( <i>Ohne Lieb' und ohne Wein</i> )	WEISSE.	6
Could I fancy, that for me,	( <i>Wüßt ich, wüßt ich, daß du mich</i> )	BÜRGER.	7
To sing of love's passion I'm call'd by my fair,	( <i>Ein Liedchen von Liebe verlangst du von mir</i> )	ANON.	8
Know'st thou the land where citrons scent the gale,	( <i>Kennst du das Land? wo die Citronen blühen?</i> )	GÖTTE.	10
Within these sacred bowers,	( <i>In diesen heiligen Hallen</i> )	ANON.	12
Ah! how sweetly love	( <i>Ach was ist die Liebe,</i> )	GÖTTE.	14
Cupid, wanton source of pain,	( <i>Los'rer Knabe konnte dir</i> )	WIELAND.	15
Strew the way with fairest flow'rs,	( <i>Rosen auf den Weg gestreut</i> )	HÖLTY.	16
The manly heart with love o'erflowing,	( <i>Bey Männern, welche Liebe fühlen</i> )	ANON.	18
With verdant wreaths the flowing bowl intwine,	( <i>Bekränzt mit Laub den liebevollen Becher</i> )	CLAUDIUS.	22
To Bacchus, dear Bacchus an altar I'll raise,	( <i>Dem Gotte der Reben vertrau ich mein Glück,</i> )	ANON.	24
O Fortune, fickle goddess,	( <i>Laß Glück in ihrem Kreise</i> )	ANON.	26
Dolighted, my fancy still wanders	( <i>Das waren mir seelige Tage,</i> )	OVERBECK.	28
Let truth and spotless faith be thine,	( <i>Ueb' immer Treu und Redlichkeit,</i> )	HÖLTY.	30
My love I seek, but seek in vain;	( <i>Io ti cerco, e non ti trovo</i> )	ALBOROSETTI.	31
When my fond eyes on Nancy gaze,	( <i>Wo nur mein Aug' auf Nantchen ruht,</i> )	ANON.	32
O thou, to whom each fondest vow espies,	( <i>O du, für welche alle Herzen schlagen,</i> )	ANON.	34
A captive long in Laura's train,	( <i>Gefesselt folg' ich Lauren nach,</i> )	ANON.	36
Unnotic'd on the lonely mead,	( <i>Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,</i> )	GÖTTE.	50
Tell me, where's the violet fled,	( <i>Sagt, wo sind die Veilchen hin,</i> )	JACOBI.	39
Germania's sons! to you the strains belong,	( <i>Hebt an den Chor, ihr meine Deutschen Brüder,</i> )	NIEMEYER.	40
Maiden, look me in the face;	( <i>Müdel, schau mir ins Gesicht,</i> )	BÜRGER.	42
Now milder blows the Zephyr,	( <i>Schon wehen milde Winde</i> )	MÜLLER.	44
What shall the heart's best wish supply,	( <i>Was giebt uns Ströme von Begier,</i> )	ANON.	46
How smiles the opening dayn,	( <i>Wie lieblich winkt sie mir</i> )	ANON.	48
Come, Leure, dearest maid;	( <i>Komm, Liebchen, komm aufs Land</i> )	MÜLLER.	50
Holy Nature, heavenly fair;	( <i>Süße heilige Natur,</i> )	STOLBERG.	51
What feels the soft'ned bosom,	( <i>O das nur, was im Busen</i> )	ANON.	52
Love, but such as brothers claim,	( <i>Ritter, treue Schwesterliebe</i> )	SCHILLER.	54
A prey to tender anguish,	( <i>Ich habe viel gelitten</i> )	SCHUGANT.	60

Sweetly blows the opening rose,  
 Love from those bright eyes imparting,  
 Rodolph in paternal hall,  
 Beside a fountain's border,  
 Hope, who art wont at night's still scene to lie  
 To rural joys and purer air,  
 Yon rose-bud sweet, my bow'r adorning,  
 Return, delightful May,  
 See, dear maid, in silent languor,  
 Could Fanny's charms be barter'd  
 Snatch fleeting pleasures,  
 O think on me, when joy thy hour betides,  
 I sat and span before my cot;  
 Haste the joys of life to share;  
 Fresher green the lawns display,  
 Young Fanny, the softest of maidens,  
 Blossom, loveliest bower,  
 By moonlight's softest lustre,  
 In gurgling eddies roll'd the tide,  
 My bow'rs are haunts of love and glee;  
 Whoe'er a comely lass I spy,  
 Scatter'd o'er the starry pole,  
 Hail, thou melodious nightingale,  
 Blooming Hope, still young and fair,  
 I think of thee, when rising day inflames

(Schön sind Rosen und Jasmin)	WEIßE.	62
(Hör' die Lieb' aus deinen blauen)	ANON.	64
(In der Väster Hallen ruhte)	STOLBERG.	68
(Sol margine d'un vin)	ANON.	70
(Die du so gern in heißen Nächten feierst)	TIEDÖE.	72
(Ihr Städter, sucht ihr Freude)	ANON.	74
(Je l'ai planté, je l'ai vu naître)	J. J. ROUSSEAU.	76
(Komm lieber Blau und mache)	ANON.	77
(Hebe, sieh in sanfter Feier)	NOSTIZ.	78
(Ach künate ich Molly kaufen)	HÜRGER.	80
(Freut euch des Lebens)	ANON.	82
(Vergifts mein nicht! wenn dir die Freude winket)	ANON.	84
(Ich las und spann vor meiner Thür)	VOSS.	86
(Freund! versäume nicht zu leben)	KLEIST.	88
(Unsre Fieseln grünen wieder)	SALIS.	89
(Sie war die gefälligste Schöne)	ANON.	90
(Bluke, liebes Veilchen)	OVERBECK.	92
(Ich ging im Mondenschimmer)	STOLBERG.	93
(Das Wasser rauscht, das Wasser schwall)	GÖTHE.	94
(In meinem Schloße ist's gar fein)	ANON.	96
(Hör' ich ein schönes Mädchen ich)	ANON.	98
(Füllest wieder Busch und Thal)	GÖTHE.	100
(Hör' ich euch ihr Nachtigallen)	ANON.	101
(Hoffnung, Hoffnung immer grün)	ANON.	102
(Ich denke dein, wenn mir der Sonne Schimmer)	GÖTHE.	104

ОДЕЖДА

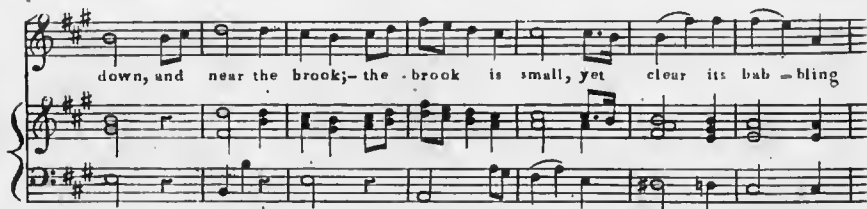
# THE INVITATION.

1

Spizier.

УДѢЛЪ ПЕВЕНІЯ  
ВЪЗНЕСЕНІЮ  
СВ. ДУХА СЕБѢ  
МОН. С. П. АЛЕКСАНДР.

U-7482-51  
ANDANTE.



1.

A LONELY cot is all I own;  
It stands on yonder verdant down,  
And near the brook;— the brook is small,  
Yet clear its bubbling fountains fall.

3.

And on its boughs the nightingale  
So sweetly tells her plaintive tale,  
That oft the passing rustics stray,  
With loit'ring step, to catch the lay.

2.

A spreading heech uprears its head,  
And half conceals the humble shed:  
From chilling winds a safe retreat;  
A refuge from the noon-tide heat.

4.

Sweet blue-eyed maid with locks so fair,  
My heart's dear pride, my foodest care!  
I hie me home;— the storm doth low'r:  
Come shere, sweet maid, my shelt'ring bow'r.

## INVITATION TO JOY.

Schultz.

## ALLEGRETTO.

Say, who would mope in

joy=less plight, while youth and spring besdeck the scene; and scorn the prof=fer'd

gay de=light, with thank=less heart and frown=ing mien? See joy with beck= and

smiles ap=pear, while ro=ses strew the de=vious way; the feast of life she bids us



share, where'er our pil = grim foot = steps stray. the feast of life she bids us

share, where'er our pil = grim foot = steps stray.

## 1.

SAY, who would mope in joyless plight,  
While youth and spring bedeck the scene;  
And scorn the proffer'd gay delight,  
With thankful heart and frowning mien:  
See Joy with becks and smiles appear,  
While roses strew the devious way;  
The feast of life she bids us share,  
Where'er our pilgrim footsteps stray.

## 2.

And still the grove is cool and green,  
And clear the bubbling fountain flows;  
Still shines the night's resplendent queen,  
As erst in Paradise she rose:  
The grapes their purple nectar pour,  
To 'suage the heart that griefs oppress;  
And still the lonely ev'ning bow'r,  
Invites and screens the stolen kiss.

## 3.

Still Philomela's melting strain,  
Responsive to the dying gale,  
Beguiles the bosom's throbbing pain,  
And sweetly charms the listening vale:  
Creation's scene expanded lies; —  
Blest scene! how wond'rous bright and fair!  
Till Death's cold hand shall close my eyes,  
Let me the lavish'd bounties share!

Sterkel.

ADAGIO

e con  
espressione.

When'er at day = light's part = ing gleam, a smiling

form salutes my love, and loisters near the murmur'ing stream,

and glides beneath the con = scious grove; and glides be = neath the

con = scious grove; ah, then thy Da = mon's spi = rit see: —

soft joy and peace it brings to thee. eh, then thy Du = mon's spi = rit

see: — soft joy and peace it brings to thee.

## I.

WHEN? Ere at daylight's parting gleam,  
A smiling form salutes my love,  
And loiters near the murmur'ing stream,  
And glides beneath the conscious grove;  
Ah! then thy Damon's spirit see: —  
Soft joy and peace it brings to thee.

## II.

And when at moonlight's sober ray,  
Thou dream'st perchance of love and me,  
As, through the pines the breezes play,  
And whisper dying melody; —  
When tender hodiogs prompt the sigh; —  
Thy Damon's spirit hovers nigh.

## III.

When o'er thy mind soft musings steal,  
As thou the pleasing past hast scan'd;  
Shouldst thou a gentle pressure feel,  
Like Zephyr's kiss, o'er lip and hand; —  
And should the glimmer'ing taper fade; —  
Theo near thee bids thy lover's shade.

## IV.

And when at midnight's solemn tide,  
As soft the rolling planets shine;  
Like Aeol's harp, thy couch beside,  
Thou hear'st the word, "for ever thine!"  
Then slumber sweet, my spirit's there,  
And peace and joy it brings my fair!

## SONG.

Hiller.

ALLEGRO.

All he = rest of love and wine, joy = less hours be = tide us:  
Wealth and pow'r in vain com = bine, were they once de = nied us.

CHOR.  
What can wealth and pow'r sup = ply? what Gol = con = da's trea = sures? Vain were  
all, if fate de = ny love and drink = ing plea = sures.

1.

ALL bereft of love and wine,  
Joyless hours betide us:  
Wealth and pow'r in vain combine,  
Were they once denied us.  
What can wealth and pow'r supply?  
What Golconda's treasures?  
Vain were all, if fate deny  
Love and drinking pleasures.

2.

When the toils of war are o'er,  
Love's the hero's duty.  
Choicest boons for him in store,  
Wise and smiling beauty!  
Sober mortals, cease to rail;  
All your rules are musty.  
No; — the ills of life prevail,  
Only when we're thirsty!

# MUTUAL LOVE.

7

Schultz.

AFFETTUOSO.

Could I fan-cy that for me; thou a trans-ient thought could'st spare,  
Or, of what I feel for thee, e'en a thou-sandth part could'st share;—

1.

COULD I fancy that for me

Thou a transient thought could'st spare;  
Or, of what I feel for thee,  
E'en a thousandth part could'st share;—

2.

When I greet thee, would'st thou deign  
One kind look, to hid me live;—  
Or, one kiss return again;  
Sweet return, for those I give;

3.

All dissolv'd in tender joy,

High my raptur'd heart would beat;  
Fondly at thy feet I'd sigh;  
Fondly call my bondage sweet!

4.

Dear the change of mutual vows;  
Love return'd new love shall claim:  
And the spark, that faintly glows,  
Soon shall blaze an ardent flame!

## POCO ADAGIO.

*dolce*

To sing of love's passion, I'm call'd by my fair; Ah, who would not

*sf* sing when com = mand = ed by her? Yet

love's softest lan = guish cre = ates but new an = guish, cre = ates but new

an = = = = = guish: So fain, gen = = the maid, the fond

*sf*

theme I'd for = bear. So fair, ge - tle maid, the fond theme I'd for =

bear.

*f* *p*

1.

To sing of love's passion, I'm call'd by my fair;  
 Ah! who would not sing when commanded by her?  
 Yet love's softest languish  
 Creates but new anguish,  
 So fair, gentle maid, the fond theme I'd forbear.

4.

Yet when the fond heart is bewilder'd in joy,  
 And love's softest raptures the moments employ,  
 Dear pleasures so cheating!  
 Soft transports so fleeting!  
 A smile can give life, and a frown can destroy!

2.

Young Cupid triumphant, in mischief well skill'd,  
 Subdues mighty princes and keeps the fair field.  
 Ambition declining,  
 To beauty resigning,  
 Each chief for the myrtle the laurel shall yield.

5.

Should jealousy's torments embitter the woe  
 That arises from absence, what anguish shall flow!  
 What moaning and sighing!  
 Despairing and dying!  
 Ah! who shall describe what the lover shall know?

3.

The coward grows daring and pants for the fray;  
 The miser free-hearted, the splenetic gay;  
 Grave wisdom admiring,  
 Grows mad with desiring;  
 The bachelor sighs for the fair till he's gray.

6.

To urge the soft subject, then cease, gentle fair!  
 I'm ill at such numbers, nor further shall dare;  
 For love's softest languish  
 Creates but new anguish,  
 And hence, dearest maid, the fond theme I forbear.

Reichardt.

ANDANTE

CANTABILE.

*f* *P*

Know'st thou the land, where cistrons scent the gale, where

*pp*

glows the or = ange in the gold = en vale; where soft = er bree = zes

fan the azure skies, where myr = tles spring and prouder lau = rels rise?

Say know'st thou well? 'tis there, 'tis there, our wand' = ring

*pf*





## 1.

KNOW'ST thou the land, where citrons scent the gale,  
 Where glows the orange in the goldeo vale;  
 Where softer breezes fan the azure skies,  
 Where myrtles spring and prouder laurels rise?  
 Say, know'st thou well?

'Tis there, 'tis there,  
 Our wand'ring steps, my faithful love, must tend.

## 2.

Know'st thou the pile, the colonade sustains,  
 Its splendid chambers and its rich domains;  
 Where breathing statues stand in bright array,  
 And seem, "what ails thee, hapless maid," to say?  
 Say, know'st thou well?

'Tis there, 'tis there,  
 My gentle guide, our wand'ring steps must tend.

## 3.

Know'st thou the mount, where clouds obscure the day,  
 Where scarce the mule can trace his misty way;  
 Where lurks the dragon and her scaly brood;  
 And broken rocks oppose the headlong flood?  
 Say, know'st thou well?

'Tis there, 'tis there,  
 Our way must lead; ah, thither let us tend!

Mozart.

LARGHETTO.

With in these sa = cred bowers Tho

wretch shall find re = pose. No gloomy ven = geance low = ers, Soft pi = ty

heals his woes.

While friend = ship's hand his steps shall

stay, And hope shall point to hright = er day. While friend = ship's

hand his steps shall stay, and hope shall point to bright-er day.

While friend-ship's hand his steps shall stay, and hope shall point to brighter

day, to bright-er bright = = er day.

## 1.

WITHIN these sacred hovers,  
 The wretch shall find repose.  
 No gloomy vengeance lowers;  
 Soft pity heals his woes.  
 While friendship's hand his steps shall stay,  
 And hope shall point to brighter day.

## 2.

Here far from noise and folly,  
 Fraternal love presides;  
 And sweetest melancholy  
 A hallow'd guest abides.  
 If scenes like these thy heart can share,  
 Then dwell with us an inmate here.

ANDANTE.

Ah, how sweetly love steals the soul a way!

Envied joys we prove, 'Neath its gentle sway. Swift the moments

haste; pleasure wings their way. Years so sweetly pass'd, seem but one short

day. Ah how sweetly love steals the soul a way

CHOR.

f

1.  
 Ah, how sweetly love  
 Steals the soul away!  
 Envied joys we prove,  
 'Neath its gentle sway.  
 Swift the moments haste;  
 Pleasure wings their way.  
 Years so sweetly pass'd,  
 Seem hut one short day.  
 Ah, how sweetly love  
 Steals the soul away!

2.  
 Ah, how sweetly love  
 Steals the soul away!  
 Light our labours prove,  
 While it gilds the day.  
 Duty grows a charm;  
 Smooth, life's rugged way.  
 Love's kind beams can warm  
 Winter's chilliest day.  
 Ah, how sweetly love  
 Steals the soul away!

## ALLEGRETTO.

Cupid, wanton source of pain, could I bind thy

pinion; source of pain, could I bind thy pinion;

ever then shouldst thou remain slave to my dominion. But in spring the nightingale on = ly

on, ly glads the bower; — and the leaves that strew the vale, speak chill autumn's power.

1.

CUPID, wanton source of pain,  
 Could I bind thy pinion;  
 Ever then shouldst thou remain  
 Slave to my dominion.  
 But in spring the nightingale  
 Only glads the bower; —  
 And the leaves that strew the vale,  
 Speak chill autumn's power.

2.

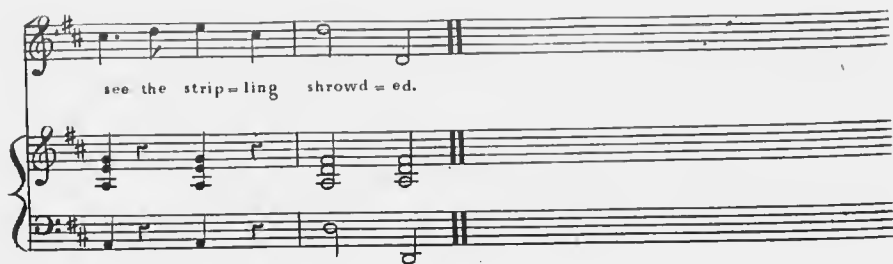
Thus alas! but once in life  
 Blossom Love's sweet roses; —  
 Once while vernal joys are ripe,  
 Ere youth's season closes.  
 Vainly then shall youth defy  
 Beauty's soft dominion; —  
 Vain the art that fain would tie  
 Cupid's silken pinion.

Reichardt.

ANDANTE.

Strew the

way with fair-est flow'rs, ev'ry ill for-get-ting; Swiftly fly the envious hours,  
 quick our sun is set-ting. Daph-nis now in fro-lick dance, sports with  
 care un-cloud-ed; yet, ere morn-ing's dawn ad-vance,



## 1.

STREW the way with fairest flow'rs,  
 Ev'ry ill forgetting;  
 Swiftly fly the envious hours,  
 Quick our sun is setting.  
 Daphnis now in frolick dance,  
 Sports with care unclouded;  
 Yet, ere morning's dawn advance,  
 See the stripling shrowded.

## 2.

See, in Hymen's joyous band,  
 Blushing Phoebe plighting;  
 See, ere ev'ning's dews expand,  
 Death her eyes benighting.  
 Give then grief and moping care  
 To the breeze that passes;  
 'Neath this beechen grove so fair,  
 Quaff the jingling glasses.

## 3.

Let not Philomel's soft strain  
 Trill neglected numbers;  
 Nor the hum of bees so vain  
 Lull to soothing slumbers.  
 Snatch, as long as fortune smiles,  
 Love and drinking pleasures;  
 Ruthless death so art beguiles,—  
 Soon he steals our treasures.

## 4.

O'er the dark and silent grave,  
 Where his prey repofes;  
 Vain their wings the Zephyrs wave,  
 Scatt'ring breath of roses;  
 Vain the glasses tinkling sound,  
 Death's dull ear invading;  
 Vain the frolic dance around,  
 Deftest measures treading.

## DUET.

Mozart.

SHE.

HE.

ANDANTINO.

The manly heart with love o'ers-

flowing, each fairer virtue calls its own.

'Tis beauty's task, soft smiles be-

Hail, sa-cred

stowing, to share and sooth the lover's moan. Hail, sa-cred

Love, thro' heav'n and earth! Hail, sa-cred flame that gave us

Love, thro' heav'n and earth! Hail, sa-cred flame that gave us.



birth! Hail, su - cred flame, that gave us birth! And

love, the ills of life be - guiling, the soul in will - ing bond - age leads. And

while to peace each trou - ble smil - ing, its po - tent sway all na - ture

Nor ought can dear - er rap - tures prove, than two fond  
pleads. Nor ought can dear - er rap - tures prove, than two fond

hearts that tru = ly love, than two fond hearts that tru = ly love.

hearts that tru = ly love, than two fond hearts that tru = ly love.

Love and truth, and truth and love,

Love and truth, and truth and love,

Love and truth, and truth and love, e = mu = late the joys a =

Love and truth, and truth and love, e = mu = late the joys a =

bove. Love and truth, and truth and love, e = mu =

bove. Love and truth, and truth and love, e = mu =



ALLEGRO.

With ver-dunt wreaths the flow-ing bowl in-twine, and gai-ly quaff it

dry, and gai-ly quaff it dry. How bless'd the land that boasts such gen-'rous

wine! What draughts with these shall vie! what draughts with these shall vie!

## 1.

WITH verdant wreaths the flowing bowl intwine,  
 And gaily quaff it dry.  
 How bless'd the land that boasts such gen'rous wine!  
 What draughts with these shall vie!

## 2.

Nor need our steps to distant Hung'ry tend,  
 Nor yet to Gallia roam:  
 Let him who likes, so far for liquor send;  
 We find it nearer home.

## 3.

Our German hills the bounteous juice supply;  
 And hence its worth so rare!  
 Dear native land, beneath thy temp'rate sky,  
 What varied gifts we share!

## 4.

Nor yet through all Germania does it grow,  
 Where many a barren hill,  
 And many a rock uplifts its rugged brow,  
 Not worth the place they fill.

## 5.

A plant there grows, Thuringia's heights among,  
 That like the vine appears;  
 Its meager juice inspires no jovial song,  
 Nor soothes the toper's cares.

## 6.

Saxonia's hills in gay confusion lie,  
 Yet oo rich vines unfold:  
 Their boasted rocks may silver ore supply,  
 And eke some pultry gold.

## 7.

Nor where the Hloxberg rears its blus'tring head,  
 Shall Bacchus' train appear;  
 Thence rise the winds, and thence the tempests spread;  
 But not a grape is there.

## 8.

On Rhine's fair banks the envied clusters grow;  
 Then sacred be the Rhine;  
 And bless'd those banks, whose sunny heights bestow  
 The life-preserving wine.

## 9.

Then drink amen, cast all our cares away,  
 Let mirth the moments cheer;  
 And knew we where a son of sorrow lay,  
 We'd bid him welcome here.

ALLEGRO.

To Bacchus, dear Bacchus, an altar I'll raise; and full of his presence, grow

wild in his praise. Approach, thirsty to pers, no ills shall annoy, but wine flow in plenty, and

plenty, of joy. We'll drain the bowl empty and drink away care, We'll drain the bowl empty and

drink away care. If endless such pleasures, how happy it were. If endless such pleasures, how

hap-py it were. If end=less such pleasures, how hap=py it

were. If end=less such pleasures, how hap=py it were.

1.

TO BACCHUS, dear Bacchus, an altar I'll raise;  
 And, full of his presence, grow wild in his praise.  
 Approach, thirsty toppers, no ills shall annoy,  
 But wine flow in plenty, and plenty of joy.  
 We'll drain the bowl empty and drink away care.  
 If endless such pleasures, how happy it were!

2.

And Venus, bright goddess, the incense shall share,  
 And bumpers be quaff'd to the health of each fair.  
 In love's happy triumph each beauty shall shine,  
 And heighten the joys of the juice of the vine.  
 We'll drink, and we'll love, and we'll laugh away care.  
 If endless such pleasures, how happy it were!

## TO FORTUNE

ADAGIO

O Fortune, fickle goddess; a moment, quit the care of  
 thrones and jarring empires, and 'neath my roof repair. A kind regard, O  
 deign me; One smile, nor more I claim: Nor pants my soul for  
 treasures;— Content its fondest aim! Nor pants my soul for



treasures;      Con = tent      its fond = est      aim!

cresc.

## I.

O, FORTUNE, fickle goddess,  
 A moment quit the care  
 Of throne and jarring empires,  
 And 'neath my roof repair.  
 A kind regard, O deign me;  
 One smile; no more I claim  
 Nor pants my soul for treasures;  
 Content its fondest aim!

## II.

Be small my simple dwelling,  
 Nor round with baubles strewn,  
 Just room for frolic measures,  
 A gay repast to crown;  
 Repast of unbought dainties;  
 My garden's modest grace;  
 The woodland's plummy tenants;  
 The riv'let's finny race.

## III.

Let Flora deck my borders  
 With many a lovely flow'r;  
 The grape, in mellow clusters,  
 Intwine my rustic bow'r;  
 And let the purple nectar,  
 The gen'rous vine bestows,  
 Be quaff'd to Love and Friendship  
 Beneath the pendant boughs:

## IV.

To Love, the choicest blessing,  
 That favour'd mortals taste!  
 To Friendship, gift of heaven,  
 That sweetens life's repast!  
 This, grant me, gentle goddess;  
 No farther boon I crave:  
 Thy golden favours, lavish  
 On vain ambition's slave!

Hurka.

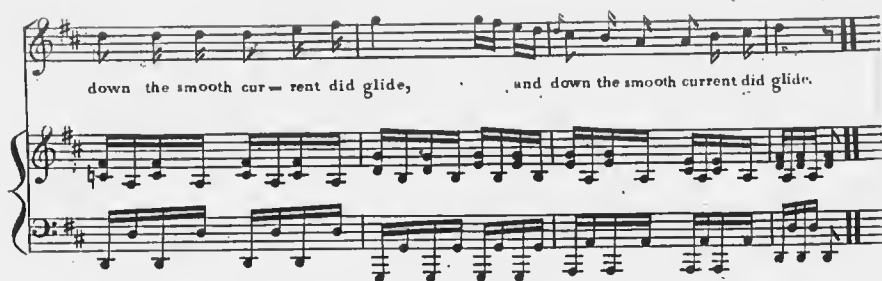
ANDANTE.

De-light-ed, my fan-cy still wan-ders, where flows the clear /

stream in me an-ders; still paints the gay bark on its tide. — still

paints the gay bark on its tide. — Dear-bark, where with bliss all e-

lu-ted, by Lu-cy, bright maid, I've been se-u-ted, and



## 1.

DELIGHTED, my fancy still wanders  
 Where flows the clear stream in meanders;  
 Still paints the gay bark on its tide.  
 Dear bark, where with bliss all elated,  
 By Lucy, bright maid, I've been seated,  
 And down the smooth current did glide.

## 2.

We sail'd on its soft-heaving billows,  
 And 'neath the cool shade of its willows,  
 Mark'd how the fish sported and play'd;  
 We mark'd the green margin so blooming,  
 As spring all its charms was resuming,  
 And saw the lambs skip o'er the mead.

## 3.

Sweet days! how I love to review them!  
 How fondly I long to renew them!  
 Dear maid, were they pleasing to thee?  
 If so, let us ship us together,  
 And steer through life's fair and foul weather;  
 And Copid our pilot shall be.

## FREE MASON'S SONG.

MOZART.

ANDANTINO

MODERATO.

Let Truth and spotless Faith be

thine, till life's vain pa = geants close; And still at Vir = tue's sa = cred shrine, be

breath'd thy ar = dent vows!

1.  
LET Truth and spotless Faith be thine,  
Till life's vain pageants close;  
And still at Virtue's sacred shrine,  
Be breath'd thy ardent vows.

2.  
Thy pilgrim-path with flow'rs shall bloom,  
And sun-shine glad the day;  
While undismay'd we eye the tomb,  
And smile at life's decay.

3.  
Content serene thy steps shall 'bide;  
Fair maid of mien divine!  
And sweet shall taste the crystal tide,  
As cups of rosy vine.

4.  
The slave to guilt still quakes with fear,  
Tho' syren charms invite;—  
No joy, his languid day shall cheer,  
No soft repose, his 'night.

5.  
In vain shall Spring revive the plain,  
And glad the vocal grove;  
The breast, where baser passions reign,  
No vernal raptures move.

6.  
He shudders at the whispering breeze,  
Appall'd with guilt and fear;  
In vain the dream of life shall cease;—  
Nor end his terrors there!

7.  
O then, let Truth and Faith be thine,  
Till life's vain prospects fade;  
And still at Virtue's sacred shrine  
Thy ardent vows be paid.

8.  
So shall the friends we leave below,  
Redew with tears our tomb;  
And round the freshest sod shall grow,  
And choicest flow'rs shall bloom!

## SONG.

Reichardt. 31

LARGHETTO.

My love I seek, but seek in  
vain; he flies, nor heeds my ten = = der pain; and  
now a prey to sad de = spair, call on  
death to end my care. Yet,

1.

MY love I seek, but seek in vain;  
He flies, nor heeds my tender pain;  
And now a prey to sad despair,  
I call on death to end my care!

2.

Yet, perjur'd youth, ooe moment stay,  
Let pity prompt a short delay:  
Grant thou the last sad boon deny,  
To stop, and catch my parting sigh?

3.

Ah, no! still urge thy cruel flight,  
And still my proffer'd goodness slight!  
Another maiden's dearer charms  
Allure thee from my constant arms.

4.

May softest peace thy bosom prove,  
And blessings crown thy new-horn love:  
Yet spare, how blest so'er thou be,  
One thought for her who dy'd for thee!

## BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

Himmel.

CON  
ALLEGREZZA.

When my fond eyes on Nan-cy gaze, some charm, before un-  
 seen, I spy; when e'er I list, in soft a-maze, the more I love, the more I  
 die. And whilst I look with fond sur-prise, and catch soft madness from my fair, I  
 wish for Ar-gus' hun-dred eyes, and wish to gaze for e-ver there. And when my

*p* *cresc.* *sfz* *p* *poco* *cresc.* *f* *sfz*

Nan-a-cy's voice I hear, and when she strikes the trembling strings; I wish each

eye were made an ear, to list with an = gels while she sings.

*cresc: f p*

*cresc: f sfz*

WHEN my fond eyes on Nancy gaze,  
 Some charm, before unseen, I spy:  
 Whene'er I list, in soft amaze,  
 The more I love, the more I die.  
 And whilst I look with fond surprise,  
 And catch soft madness from my fair,  
 I wish for Argus' hundred eyes,  
 And wish to gaze for ever there.  
 And when my Nancy's voice I hear,  
 And when she strikes the trembling strings; —  
 I wish each eye were made an ear,  
 To list with angels while she sings.

ANDANTE.





e - - - ver think on thee, yet must I e - - - ver  
think on thee.

## 1.

O THOU, to whom each fondest vow aspires,  
The heart's best off'rings fain would flow from me;  
And though harsh fate oblivion's cup requires,  
Yet must I ever think on thee.

## 2.

And though thou bid'st away, enchanting maid, —  
Thou, who in happier days, didst life endear;  
Yet hope and sweet remembrance lend their aid: —  
I see thee still, thou still art near.

MODERATO.

*Segue*

A cap-tive long in Lau-ra's train, I strive to break my irk-some

chain; and oft to sooth my am-rous care, I scan the charms of ev-ry fair, I

scan the charms of ev'ry fair.

*p* *p* *sfz*

*p* *cresc: f* *p* *f*

1.

A CAPTIVE long in Laura's train,  
 I strive to break my irksome chain;  
 And oft, to sooth my am'rous cure,  
 I scan the charms of ev'ry fair.

2.

A form as graceful oft I find;—  
 Yet nought to vie with Laura's mind:  
 And smiles that equal life dispense;—  
 But nought to match with Laura's sense.—

3.

And looks as sweet, as void of art;—  
 Yet nought to emulate her heart:  
 A cheek as fresh, as bright an eye;—  
 But nought with Laura's worth to vie.

4.

Thus Laura, cause of all my cure,  
 Still charms and reigns beyond compare;  
 And I at once am doom'd to prove  
 The slave of reason and of love.

POCO  
ADAGIO.

Un-notic'd in the lonely mead, A vi-ol'et rear'd its  
mo-dest head; A sweet and lovely flower! A blooming maid came gadding by, With  
va-cant heart and gladsome eye, And tript, and tript, with sportive carelefs tread.

1.

UNNOTIC'D in the lonely mead,  
A violet rear'd its modest head;  
A sweet and lovely flower!  
A blooming maid came gadding by,  
With vacant heart and gladsome eye,  
And tript, and tript, with sportive carelefs tread.

2.

"Ah!" thought the violet, "had I now,  
"The roses' matchlefs form and glow;  
"Tho' transient were the power;  
"To be bot pluckt by that sweet maid,  
"And on her virgin bosom laid;  
"Blest fate! blest fate! what more could heav'n bestow?"

3.

Along the lovely maiden past,  
Nor on the ground a look she cast.  
But trod the haplefs flower:  
It sunk, it died, and yet was gay;  
"Aod let me die," 'twas heard to say,  
"If 'neath, if 'neath her feet, I breathe my last!"

Schultz.

## ANDANTINO.

Tell me where's the vi-let fled, late so  
gay-ly blow-ing; spring-ing 'neath fair Flo-ra's tread, choicest sweets be-stow-ing?  
Poco Andantino. P pp  
Swain, the vernal scene is o'er, and the vi-let blooms oo more.

1.  
TELL me, where's the vi-let fled,  
Late so gayly blowing;  
Springing 'neath fair Flora's tread,  
Choicest sweets bestowing?—

Swain, the vernal scene is o'er,  
And the vi-let blooms oo more!

2.  
Say, where hides the blushing rose,  
Pride of fragrant mornings;  
Garland meet for beauty's brows;  
Hill and dale adorning?

Gentle maid, the Summer's fled,  
And the hapless rose is dead!

3.  
Bear me then to yonder rill,  
Late so freely flowing;  
Wreathing many a daffodil,  
On its margin glowing.

Sun and wind exhaust its store;  
Yonder riv-let glides oo more!

4.  
Lead me to the bow'ry shade,  
Late with roses flauting;  
Lov'd resort of youth and maid,  
Am'rous ditties chanting;—

Hail and storm with fury show'r;  
Leafless mours the rifled bow'r!

5.  
Say, where bides the village maid  
Late yoo oot adorning?  
Oft I've met her in the glade,  
Fair and fresh as morning.

Swain, how short is beauty's bloom!  
Seek her in her grassy tomb!

6.  
Whither roves the tuneful swain,  
Who, of rural pleasures,  
Rose and vi-let, rill and plain,  
Soog in deffest measures?

Maiden, swift life's vision flies;  
Death has clos'd the poet's eyes!

## THE EXCURSION ON THE RHINE.

Count H. E. d'Hatzfeldt.

MAESTOSO  
ED  
ALLEGRO

f p  
 f P  
 f f rf ff  
 f P  
 rf f

(Ger-ma - - - nia's sons! to you the strains be-long, if Rhine the  
 strains in - - - spire, if Rhine the strains in - spire; and tho' mere e - cho of a  
 bet-ter song, the theme may grace the lyre, the theme may grace the lyre;

Treble. CHOR.

the theme may grace the lyre, the theme may grace the lyre. Da Capo

Counter-tenor.

the theme may grace the lyre, the theme may grace the lyre.

Tenor.

the theme may grace the lyre, the theme may grace the lyre.

Bass.

the theme may grace the lyre, the theme may grace the lyre.

ff

ff

Da Capo

1.  
GERMANIA'S sons! to you the strains belong,  
If Rhine the strains inspire;  
And though mere echo of a better song,  
The theme may grace the lyre.

2.  
And who shall skim the undulating green  
Regirt with clift and grove;—  
Who cast a look on Nature's wilder scene,  
Nor kindred raptures prove?

3.  
And on this festal day, whose lagging blood  
Feels not the kindling glow?  
Whose niggard hand shall on the sacred flood  
No rich libation throw?

4.  
Fast by the foot of many a vine-topp'd hill  
His waves meand'ring stray;  
And see his guardian arm, protective still,  
Each rocky rampart stay.

5.  
And while the turret of the mould'ring tow'r  
From high o'erlooks the vales,  
He swells, he sinks, he rolls his ceaseless store  
With force that never fails.

6.  
What new-born raptures rise? see there  
The Genius of the stream!  
Whose fostering pow'r the vine-clad hills declare,  
And join the loud acclaim.

7.  
To Rhine, to Rhine the tuneful tribute bring;  
He shields our native shores!  
Let hill and dale with joyous echo ring,  
He shields our native shores!

8.  
To shield the cottag'd vintager he deigns,  
From war's insulting wound;  
And fain from foreign taint would shield the plains  
Within his wide-stretch'd bound.

9.  
For generous hearts he fills the mantling bowl,  
Bids grief no longer pine;  
Expands each nobler transport of the soul,  
And gives us golden wine.

10.  
Then fill the glass, and blithsome glide away,  
And singing quaff the wine:  
The air breathes soft, and sweetly smiles the day;  
Come, sing the Rhine! the Rhine!

## LOVE'S WITCHCRAFT.

Schulz.

ALLEGRETTO.

Maid-en, look me in the face; stead-fast, se-rious, no gri-mace! Maid-en,

mark me, now I ask thee, an-swer quick-ly, what I ask thee, stead-fast,

look me in the face. Lit-tle vix-en, no gri-mace!



1.

MAIDEN, look me in the face;  
 Steadfast, serious,—no grimace!  
 Maiden, mark me, now I task thee,  
 Answer quickly, what I ask thee;  
 Steadfast, look me in the face.  
 Little vixen,—no grimace!

2.

Frightful art thou not, 'tis true;  
 Eyes thou hast of lovely blue;  
 Lips and cheeks, the rose defying,  
 Rosom, snow in whiteness vying.  
 Charms thou hast;—ah, sure 'tis true;  
 Killing eyes of azure hue!

3.

Be thou lovely;—yet, I ween,  
 Fair thou art, but not a queen.  
 Not the queen of all that's charming;  
 Not alone all hearts alarming.  
 Fair and bright;—but still, I ween,  
 Bright and fair; but not a queen!

4.

When I turn me here and there,  
 Scores of lovely maids appear;  
 Scores of maids, in beauty blooming,  
 Claims, as fair as thine, assuming:  
 Scores of maidens, here and there,  
 Smile as sweet, and look as fair!

5.

Yet hast thou imperial sway;—  
 I, thy willing slave, obey;—  
 Sway imperial, now to tease me,  
 Now to soothe and now to please me.  
 Life and death attend thy sway;  
 See thy willing slave obey!

6.

Scores of maidens?—what a train!  
 Scores and scores!—yet all were vain,  
 Should e'en thousands strive to chase thee  
 From the throne where love dath place thee;  
 Tens of thousands!—what a train!  
 All their fondest arts were vain!

7.

Look me, charmer, in the face;  
 Little vixen, no grimace!  
 Tell me, why for thee I'm sighing,  
 Thee alone, and others flying!  
 Little charmer, no grimace!  
 Speak, and look me in the face!

8.

Long the cause I've vainly scann'd  
 Why to thee alone I bend!—  
 Tortur'd thus, nor know the reason!  
 Martyr still to am'rous treason!  
 Fair enchantress —'fore me stand;  
 Speak, — and shew thy magic wand!

## THE ABSENT FAIR.

Hurka.

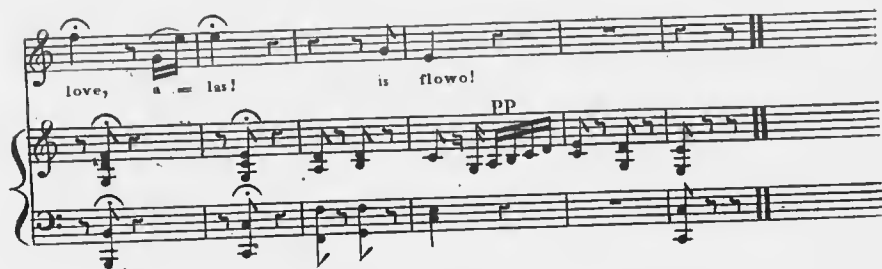
ANDANTE  
ASSAI  
GRAZIOSO.

Now milder blows the Ze = phyr, that waves the ten = der

spray. Now Flo = ra's la = vish'd tre = = sures, pro = claim the wel = come

May. See ver nai joys el = lur = ing, soft joys I fain = would own! but

ah! no spring can charm me; But ah, no spring can charm me; my



## 1.

NOW milder blows the Zephyr  
 That waves the tender spray; —  
 Now Flora's lavish'd treasures,  
 Proclaim the welcome May.  
 See vernal joys alluring;  
 Soft joys, I fain wou'd own!  
 Not ah! no spring can charm me; —  
 My love, alas! is flown!

## 2.

In vain the lap of Nature  
 Is rob'd in freshest green; —  
 In vain the rose bud opens,  
 And violets deck the scene.  
 No more I cull the flow'ret:  
 Dear task! 'twas once my own!  
 Ah then, it deck'd her bosom; —  
 But now, alas! she's flown!

## 3.

In vain the leafy hower  
 Now spreads its cooling shade; —  
 In vain the moon's soft lustre  
 Invites me n'er the mead.  
 Ah! once the bow'r could charm me; —  
 Its sweets I once could own;  
 There first I saw and lov'd her: —  
 But now, alas! she's flown!

## LOVE:

Himmel.

LENTO E  
STARGANDO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in D major, marked 'LENTO E STARGANDO'. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand, including triplets and sixteenth-note runs. The vocal part enters with a melody in the right hand, also featuring triplets and a 'Himmel.' (Heaven) vocalization. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano), 'f' (forte), and 'sfz' (sforzando). The lyrics are in English and include the words 'What', 'shall the heart's best wish supply, its fond = est ur = dours', 'move? - Nor wealth the po = tent charm shall buy, nor', and 'move? -'. The piano part continues with a 'cresc.' (crescendo) marking. The score concludes with a final piano flourish and a 'sfz' marking.

What

shall the heart's best wish supply, its fond = est ur = dours

cresc.

move? - Nor wealth the po = tent charm shall buy, nor

move? -

sfz

ought that wakes am-bi-tion's sigh; - 'tis Love and nought but

Love; 'tis Love, and nought but Love.

Love; 'tis Love, and nought but Love.

## 1.

WHAT shall the heart's best wish supply,  
 Its fondest ardours move? —  
 Not wealth the potent charm shall huy,  
 Nor ought that wakes Ambition's sigh; —  
 'Tis Love, — and nought hut Love!

## 2.

Then, listless maid, thine ear incline,  
 Nor scorn my constant sigh: —  
 Proud fame and splendour I resign,  
 Nor kneel at vain Ambition's shrine; —  
 Thy smile shall all supply!

DOLCE F.  
ANDANTINO.

How smiles the o = p'ning dawn, wide o'er the spread-ing

lawn; as night's dun sha = dows speed their flight. Hail, Nature's

charms di = vine! be = fore her hal = low'd shrine, how glows my



## 1.

HQW smiles the op'ning dawn,  
 Wide o'er the spreading lawn,  
 As night's dun shadows speed their flight!  
 Hail, Nature's charms divine!  
 Before her hallow'd shrine,  
 How glows my heart with fond delight!

## 2.

Hail, Nature's sov'reign Lord!  
 At whose creative word,  
 The awe-inspiring scene arose!  
 Thy goodness grants me more,  
 Than dare my pray'rs implore;—  
 Than dare my ardent, fondest vows!

## 3.

At midnight's silent hour,  
 While sleep's reviving pow'r  
 Gives health, and life, and vig'rous joy;  
 Thy wakeful care presides,  
 Nor harm my soul betides;—  
 Nor fears my balmy rest annoy.

## 4.

The new-born day, how fair!  
 How sweet the freshen'd air!  
 How rings the grove with votive lays!  
 The tuneful song, I'll join,  
 And chant thy name divine;—  
 And swell the grateful note of praise!

## THE INVITATION.

Reichardt.

AFFETTUOSO.

Come, Laura, dearest maid, let  
vernal joys delight thee; stern winter's storms are laid, and hill and vale in =  
vite thee, in vernal pomp array'd.

1.

COME, Laura, dearest maid,  
Let rural joys delight thee;  
Stern Winter's storms are laid,  
And hill and vale invite thee,  
In vernal pomp array'd.

2.

Yon lucid lake serene,  
See fragrant hawthorn's border;  
See lambskins, o'er the green,  
Disport in gay disorder,  
And deck the smiling scene.

3.

From yonder bow'ry shade,  
Sad love-torn anguish pouring,  
The turtle fills the glade;  
His absent mate alluring,  
That lingers down the mead.

4.

Nor calls the dove in vain;  
Back flies the soft'ned rover.  
Dear maid, then, sooth my pain,  
Regard thy plaintive lover:  
O come, dear maid, again!



# HYMN TO NATURE.

51

Schultz.

ADAGIO.

Holy Nature, heav'nly fair, lead me with thy parent care; In thy footsteps

let me tread, as a will-ing child is led.

1.

HOLY Nature, heav'nly fair,  
Lead me with thy parent care;  
In thy footsteps let me tread,  
As a willing child is led.

2.

When with care and grief oppress,  
Soft I sink me on thy breast;  
On thy peaceful bosom laid,  
Grief shall cease, nor care invade.

3.

O congenial pow'r divine,  
All my votive soul is thine!  
Lead me with thy parent care,  
Holy Nature, heav'nly fair!

Hurka.

ANDANTE  
GRAZIOSO.

The musical score is written for a song, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked **ANDANTE GRAZIOSO.** The key signature is D major (two sharps), and the time signature is 6/8. The score consists of four systems of music.

**System 1:** The vocal line begins with a whole note rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3, a quarter note A3, and a quarter note B3. The tempo is marked **ANDANTE GRAZIOSO.** The dynamics are **p** (piano) and **cresc:** (crescendo). The system ends with a **f** (forte) dynamic.

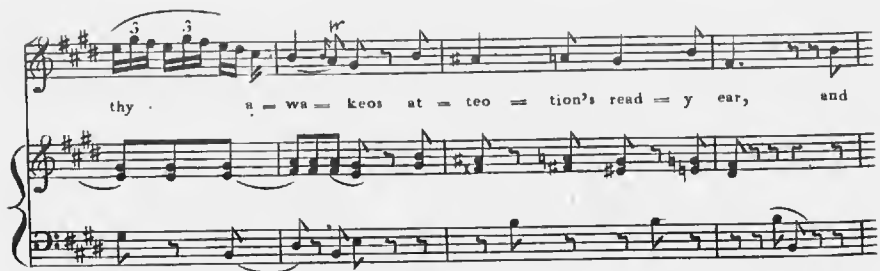
**System 2:** The vocal line continues with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G3, a quarter note A3, and a quarter note B3. The dynamics are **cresc:** and **p** (piano). The system ends with a **p** (piano) dynamic.

**System 3:** The vocal line continues with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G3, a quarter note A3, and a quarter note B3. The dynamics are **sf** (sforzando), **sf** (sforzando), and **p** (piano). The system ends with a **p** (piano) dynamic.

**System 4:** The vocal line continues with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G3, a quarter note A3, and a quarter note B3. The dynamics are **p** (piano) and **p** (piano). The system ends with a **p** (piano) dynamic.

**Lyrics:**

What feels the  
soft=ned bo=som the gent=ler vir=tues away, best claims the  
mu=se's fa=our and breathes the sweetest lay; while sym=pa=ny



## 1.

WHAT feels the soft'ned bosom  
 The gentler virtues sway,  
 Best claims the muse's favour;  
 And breathes the sweetest lay;  
 While sympathy awakens  
 Attention's ready ear,  
 And spreads the soft infection,  
 And prompts the pleasing tear.

## 2.

Let poets sing of heroes  
 And all the pomp of war;  
 And such as pant for glory  
 Attend with eager ear; —  
 Be mine an humbler triumph,  
 My theme the rural plain;  
 My boast, the simple numbers  
 That charm the village train.

## 3.

And would my blooming Daphne  
 But lend her ear the while,  
 And one kind look would deign me,  
 And o'er approving smile; —  
 I'd envy not the poet,  
 Though wreaths adorn his brow;  
 And eery not the hero,  
 That bade the numbers flow.

## THE FAITHFUL KNIGHT.

Zumsteeg.

DOLCE  
CON  
TENEREZZA.

“Love, but such as brothers claim, dares my heart be =

stow; more, dear youth, forbear to name; more = were cause of woe! Fain I’d

see thee calm ap=pear, calm from hence de = part; ’gainst that soft in =

fecious tear, must I steel my heart.” Dumb with

Più vivo.

grief the lov = er hears, lost in fond dis = may; clasps the

dam = sel, checks his tears, mounts and hies a-way: heads his trust-y vas = sal

bund, speeds to Pa = les = tine: sons of, hard-y Swit-zer = land, badg'd with ho = ly

sign.

Pe-rils dire the he-ro braves, deathless deeds per =

forms; still his helmet's plu-mage waves, where the bat = tle storms: and the

name of Swit-zer-land scars the faithless foe; yet the youth, by love en-

chain'd, wastes with ten-der woe.

Twelve slow moons he bore his grief;

long-er could not hear; vainly sighs for kind re-lief, then for-

sakes the war. Spies a bark on Jop-pa's strand, swell its spread-ing

sails; hies on board and seeks the land, where his fair — one dwells; where his

fair — one dwells.

Now the

wand? = rer at her gate, thrills with ten = = = der

Recitativo.

fears. Ah! what bitter ills a = wait, when these words he hears: "She thou

seek'st now bears the veil, now is heaven's bride; yester-morn, at matins-bell, to the

Adagio.

world she dy'd." Straight he

shuns his native vale, shuns his fa - - - ther's board, quits the

scenes he lov'd so well, quits his steed and sword; lives un-

known, un-mark'd, for = lorn, far from pry = = = ing



eyes; sackcloth garb and beard unashorn, youth's fair prime dis-

guise.

## VII.

And ere long, a simple shed,  
 Near yon slope he rears,  
 Where the cloister's tow'ry head  
 O'er the grove appears.  
 There, from morioig's blushing sky,  
 Down to setting sun,  
 Hope still beaming in his eye  
 Sat the youth alone: —

## VIII.

Sat and ey'd the cloister's pile,  
 Ey'd its hellow'd bound; —  
 Eyes the window of her cell,  
 Till the casement sound;  
 Till the lov'd recluse was seen,  
 Till the sainted maid,  
 Cast a look, as heav'n serene,  
 Down the silent glade.

## IX.

Then, at each returoiog oight,  
 Sunk to soft repose;  
 Grateful hail'd the welcome light,  
 When the morn arose.  
 Patient, still for many a day,  
 Many a year's loog round,  
 Waits the ling'ring hour away,  
 Till the casement sound: —

## X.

Till the lov'd recluse is seen,  
 Till the sainted maid  
 Casts a look, as heav'n serene,  
 Down the silent glade.  
 And as Death, one fated morn,  
 Ends his tender care;  
 Still his looks, all pallid, turn  
 To'ard the cloister'd fair!

## SONG.

Haydn.

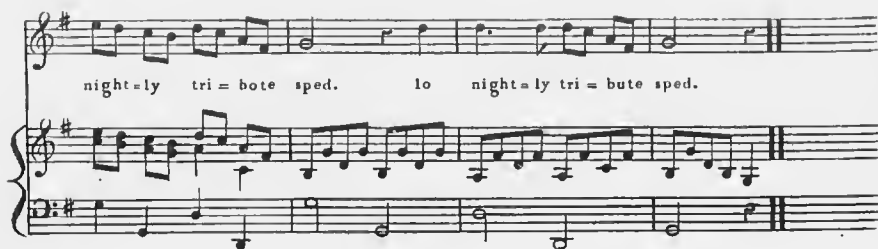
LARGHETTO.

A prey to ten = der

an = guish, of ev' = ry joy be = reav'd, How oft I sigh and

lams = guish, How oft by hope de = ceiv'd! Still wish = ing, still de =

si = ring, to blifs in vain a = spi = ring; a thousand tears I shed, in



1.  
A PREY to tender anguish,  
Of ev'ry joy bereav'd,  
How oft I sigh and languish!  
How oft by hope deceiv'd!  
Still wishing, still desiring,  
To bliss is vain aspiring;  
A thousand tears I shed;  
In oughtly tribute sped.

2.  
And love and fame betraying,  
And friends no longer true;  
No smiles my face arraying,  
No heart so fraught with woe!  
So pass'd my life's sad morrow;  
Young joys no more returning!  
Alas, now all around,  
Is dark and cheerless found!

3.  
Ah, why did nature give me  
A heart so soft and true;  
A heart to pain and grieve me,  
At ills that others rue?  
At other's ills thus wailing,  
And inward griefs assailing,  
With double anguish fraught,  
To throb each pulse is taught.

4.  
Ere long perchance my sorrow  
Shall find its welcome close,  
Nor distant far the morrow  
That brings the wish'd repose:  
When death, with kind embracing,  
Each bitter anguish chasing,  
Shall mark my peaceful doom,  
Beneath the silent tomb.

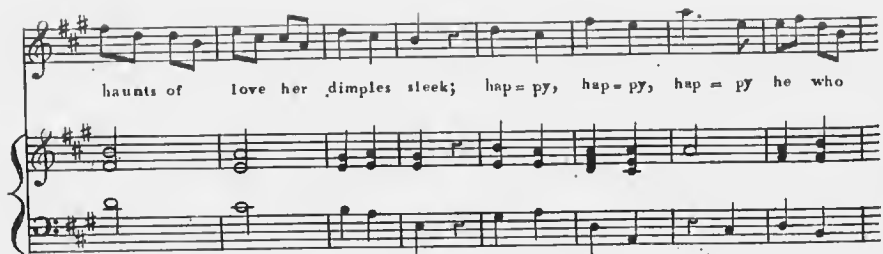
5.  
Then cease, my heart, to languish,  
And cease to flow, my tears;  
Though ought be here but anguish,  
The grave shall end my cares.  
On earth's soft lap reposing,  
Life's idle pageant closing,  
No more shall grief assail,  
Nor sorrow longer wail.

## ANDANTINO.

Sweet-ly blooms the op'ning rose, Spring's gay prime a = dorn = ing;

when un = pluckt and free it grows, bath'd with dew of morn = ing.

But the blush on Lau-ra's cheek, sweeter won-der rai = = ses



## 1.

SWEETLY blooms the op'ning rose,  
 Spring's gay prime adorning,  
 When unpluckt and free it grows,  
 Bath'd with dew of morning.  
 But the blush on Laura's cheek,  
 Sweeter wonder raises;  
 Haunts of Love, her dimples sleek;  
 Happy he who gazes!

## 2.

Softly Zephyr hends the spray,  
 Fragrance softly showers;  
 Wafting all the sweets of May,  
 Stole from new-born flowers.  
 But her accents softer fall;  
 Nameless grace endears them;  
 Rudest hearts their sounds enthral;  
 Happy he who hears them!

Mozart.

ALLEGRO.

Love, from those bright eyes im = part = ing soft de =

sire und am'rous care; through my breast his ar = rows dart = ing, lives and

reigns a ty = rant there. On thy cheek with blushes glowing, when I print the ea = ger

kiss; heart and soul with joy o'er = flo = wing, scarce can

bear the thril=ling blifs, the thril=ling blifs, the thril=ling blifs. Dear=est

mui=den, whilst I hold thee, 'guinst my pant = = ing flutt'ring

heart; - whilst my trembling arms en = fold thee, mudd' = ning,

madd' = ning blifs thy charms im = part. But too

soon my ra = vish'd sen = ses sink be = neath op = pref = sive joy,

sink be = neath op = pref = sive joy. Life and death thy smile dis =

pen = ses, dis = pen = ses, dis = pen = ses; blifs and pain u =

like de = stroy. dis = pen = ses, dis = pen = ses, dis = pen = ses;



bliss and pain a = like de = stroy. bliss and pain a = like de =

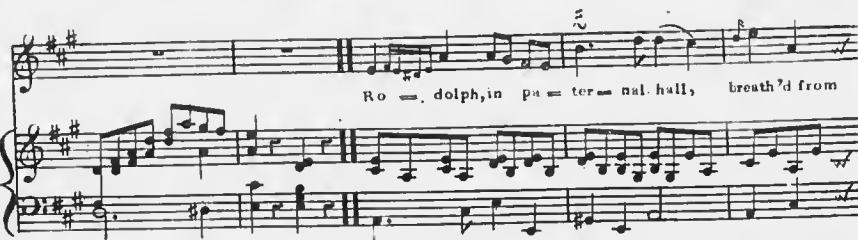
stroy. bliss and pain a = like de = stroy. a = like de = stroy. a =

like de = stroy.

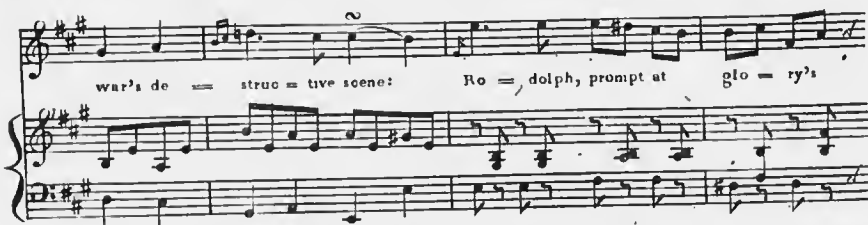
LOVE, from those bright eyes imparting  
 Soft desire and un'rous care;  
 Through my breast his arrows darting,  
 Lives and reigns a tyrant there.  
 On thy cheek with blushes glowing  
 When I print the eager 'kiss;  
 Heart and soul with joy o'erflowing,  
 Scarce can bear the thrilling bliss!  
 Dearest maiden! whilst I hold thee,  
 'Gainst my panting fluttering heart;—  
 Whilst my trembling arms enfold thee,  
 Madd'ning bliss thy charms impart!  
 But too soon my ravish'd senses,  
 Sink beneath oppressive joy:  
 Life and death thy smile dispenses!  
 Bliss and pain alike destroy!

NON  
TROPPA  
PRESTO.

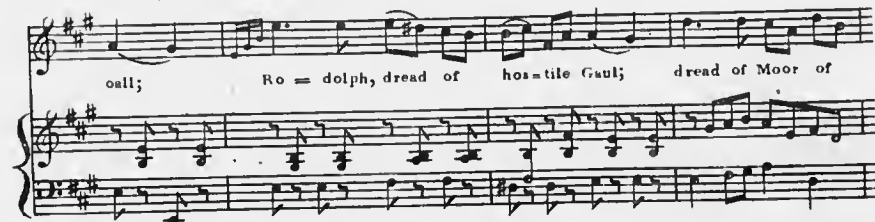
terstenberg.



Ro =, dolph, in pa = ter = nal hall, breath'd from



war's de = struc = tive scene: Ro =, dolph, prompt at glo = ry's



oall; Ro = dolph, dread of hos = tile Gaul; dread of Moor of



swar = thy mien.

1.  
 RODOLPH, in paternal hall,  
 Breath'd from war's destructive scene:  
 Rodolph, prompt at glory's call,  
 Rodolph, dread of hostile Gaul;  
 Dread of Moor of swarthy mien.

2.  
 He a gallant son deploras,  
 Last of all his noble stem:  
 Whilst, amid the moss-grown towers,  
 As his tender wail he pours,  
 Echo wafts the mournful theme.

3.  
 Agnes, deck'd with golden hair,  
 Props his age and stills his sigh;  
 Mild as dove, as lambkin fair,  
 Soothes a parent's sad despair,  
 Wipes the tear that dims his eye.

4.  
 Yet, herself in silent woe,  
 Pines by moon-light's solemn gleam:  
 Altho' with the polish'd brow,  
 Breathes for her the tender vow,  
 And fair Agnes sighs for him.

5.  
 Haughty Raymond, at whose side,  
 Five score martial youths appear;  
 Swells with vain heraldic pride,  
 Vaunts his trophies far and wide,  
 And old Rodolph held him dear.

6.  
 Albert once, on festive day,  
 Kiss'd her hand as lily fair;  
 Agnes eyes, in soft dismay,  
 Chiding frowns would fain betray; —  
 But they only shew'd a tear!

13.  
 Rodolph snatch'd his darling care,  
 Held her to his throbbing breast;  
 Torpid, lost in dumb despair.  
 Clasp'd the cold unconscious fair  
 Two long days, — then sunk to rest!

7.  
 Raymond marks the tender dam;  
 Eyes askance his shining blade;  
 Love and rage his cheek inflame,  
 And his eye-balls wildly gleam,  
 And around their fury shed.

8.  
 Straight his gauntlet, threat'ning war,  
 On her virgin lap he laid:  
 "Take it Albert, and repair  
 'Neath the mill; — I'll wait thee there!"  
 Swift he mounts and scours the mead.

9.  
 Albert hears the fierce defy,  
 Mounts his steed to seek the foe;  
 Proud the graceful tear to spy  
 Trickling from the maiden's eye; —  
 Love and honour bade it flow.

10.  
 Red their burnish'd arms appear  
 Gleaming in the setting sun.  
 Hark! their coursers' fierce career  
 Shakes the plain; the frightened deer  
 To their inmost covert run.

11.  
 Agnes, from the castle wall  
 Cast a wistful look beneath.  
 Boding fears her heart appal  
 Straight she saw her Albert fall;  
 Saw, and clos'd her eyes in death.

12.  
 Back the victor faltering hies,  
 (Anxious doubts his breast invade)  
 Hears the wail of woe arise,  
 To the fair — one's chamber flies; —  
 Starts, — and falls upon his blade.

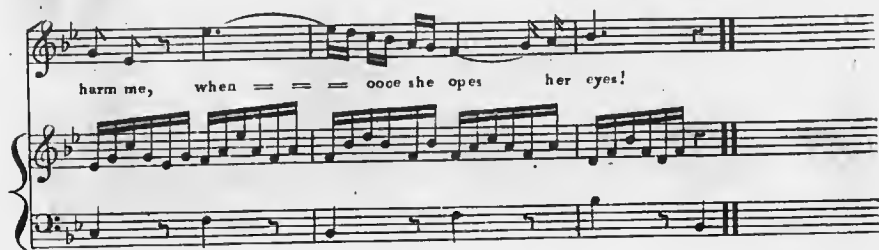
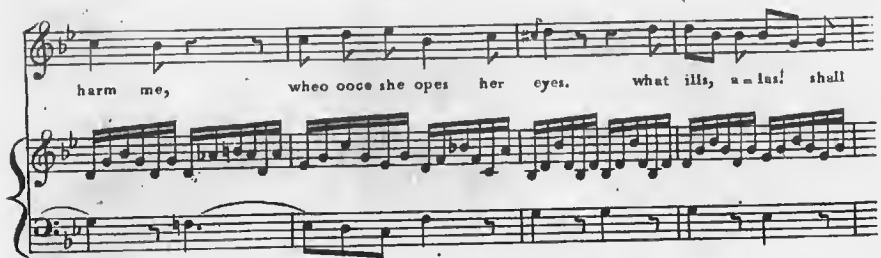
## ALLEGRETTO.

Re = side a foun = twin's bor = der, where wan = ton zeph = yrs

rove; a nymph, in sweet dis = or = der, now sleeps in yon = der

grove. now sleeps in you = der grove. If thus her beau = ties

charm me all sleep = ing, as she lies; what ill, a = lus! shall



1.

BESIDE a fountain's border,  
Where wanton zephyrs rove,  
A nymph, in sweet disorder,  
Now sleeps in yooder grove.  
If thus her beauties charm me,  
All sleeping as she lies;  
What ills, alas! shall harm me,  
When once she opes her eyes!

2.

On her white arm reposiog,  
Reclines her lovely cheek,  
Far sweeter tints disclosing  
Than May's sweet moroings deck.  
What tender fears alarm me!  
What teoder hopes arisel —  
Ales! what ills shall harm me,  
Wheo once she opes her eyes!

3.

And fain would I discover  
What pains my breast invade;  
But ah, too timid lover!  
My lips refuse their aid.  
May Love with boldness arm me,  
And check desponding sighs,  
Or, oh! what ills shall harm me,  
Wheo once she opes her eyes!

## HYMN TO HOPE

Himmel.

MAESTOSO  
MA NON  
TROPPO LENTO.

Hope, who art wont at night's still scene to lie soft wrapt in pleasing

re = = ve = ry; sweet balm of anx = . ious doubts and fears! Tell

the pale mour = ner that in yon fair sky, bright scene of high = er

des = ti = ny, an an = gel marks and counts his tears, an an = gel marks and

cresc. sfz

sfz

counts his tears.

Poco sfz

PP

sfz

## 1.

HOPE who art woot at night's still scene to lie  
 Soft wrapt: in pleasing revery;  
 Sweet balm of anxious doubts and fears!  
 Tell the pale mourner that in yon fair sky,  
 Bright scene of higher destiny,  
 An angel marks and counts his tears.

## 2.

When long extinct are accents once so dear,  
 When faithful mem'ry pours her tear,  
 Fast by the sear leaf's chilling gloom;  
 Dear Hope, the lonely mourner then attend,  
 While musing as night's shades descend,  
 He lingers o'er the mould'ring tomb

## 3.

When man's harsh doom his uplift eye upbraids,  
 When his last ray of comfort fades,  
 And all around is blank and drear;  
 Then, on the verge of life's delusive dream,  
 Shew him the cloud, whose kindling gleam,  
 Proclaims a golden sun is near.

## RURAL LIFE.

Himmel.

8va

CON MOLTA  
CONTENTEZZA.

*p*

*f* *p* *p* *f*

*loco* To ru = ral joys and pu = rer air, ye ci = ty nymphs and swains re =

*p*

pair. The whisp'ring grove, the gar = den's bound, each peaceful dwelling skirts a =

*poco a poco cresc:* *sfz* *f*

round. *8va* No lord = ly pile ob = structs the

*loco*

*p*



way, nor veils the cheerful face of day; and free-ly o'er the

flow'ry meads, the moon her sil-ver lus-tre sheds.

*sfz f f*

## 1.

TO RURAL joys and purer air,  
 Ye city nymphs and swains, repair.  
 The whisp'ring grove, the garden's bound,  
 Each peaceful dwelling skirts around.  
 No lordly pile obstructs the way,  
 Nor veils the cheerful face of day;  
 And freely o'er the flow'ry meads,  
 The moon her silver lustre sheds.

## 2.

At early morn, the villager  
 Resumes his daily pleasing care.  
 For him the vernal landscape blooms,  
 For him the hawthorn sheds perfumes;  
 His borders glow with many a flow'r,  
 The nightingale awakes his bow'r,  
 The bee prepares her nectar'd hoard,  
 And fair Pomona decks his board.

Then hither hie thy constantly train,  
 And share the pleasures of the plain;  
 Forsake the city's noisome glare,  
 And leave behind each sordid care.  
 Let Love alone your breast invade,  
 Fit inmate of the rural shade:  
 Haste here, your tender vows declare,  
 And soon shall yield the soften'd fair.

ANDANTE.

You rose-bud sweet, my bow'r a - dorn - ing, I rear'd  
and watch'd with con - stant care; the lov'd re - sort, each ver - nal  
morn - ing, of many a fea - ther'd cho - ris - - ter,  
of many a fea - ther'd cho - ris - - ter.

1.  
YON rose bush sweet, my how'r adorning,  
I rear'd and watch'd with constant care;  
The lov'd resort, each vernal morning,  
Of many a feather'd chorister.

2.  
Cease, love sick birds, your tender ditty;  
Ah! cease to pour the melting strain:  
Far strays my Love; with gen'rous pity,  
Forbear to chafe my bosom's pain.

3.  
In quest of distant India's treasure,  
My arms he shuns, all ills defies:  
Ah! why the stormy ocean measure  
For happiness the port supplies?

4.  
And ye, dear swallows, doom'd to wander,  
Your sure return, each spring, we see:  
Though wide your flight, your loves are tender;  
O bring him back each year to me!

# INVITATION TO MAY.

77

Mozart.

ALLEGRO.

Re-turn de-light-ful May, and robe the trees with green; bid

mu-sic wake the spray, and glad the ver-nal scene. The cows-lip's bell res-tore, the

ro-se's blush re-vive, thy won-ted treasures pour and bid cre-a-tion live.

I.  
RETURN, delightful May,  
And robe the trees with green;  
Bid music wake the spray,  
And glad the vernal scene.  
The cowslip's bell restore,  
The rose's blush revive,  
Thy wanted treasures pour,  
And bid creation live!

II.  
In vain, while Winter's gloom  
Invades the drooping plain,  
In quest of joy we roam  
'Mid fashions' motly train.  
Joy shuns the noisy town,  
The midnight masquerade:  
From courts and cities flown,  
She haunts the rural shade!

III.  
And well the rural shade  
Befits a quest so fair.  
Then haste, bedeck the mead,  
Haste, all thy stores prepare.  
Sweet month, bring garlands gay,  
And bring the nightingale:  
O haste, delightful May,  
And Winter's gloom dispel!

Himmel.

ANDANTE.

TENEROSO.

See, dear maid, in si - lent lan - guor, beau-teous

Na - ture droops her head: While the dews of eve - de -

scend - ing, cool the dap - pled fra - grant mead. Al -

crescendo.

f

decreasing.

rea - dy the soft tril - ling song - sters, that wak'd the gay grove are a - sleep;



## I.

SEE, dear maid, in silent languor,  
 Beauteous Nature droops her head:  
 While the dews of eve descending,  
 Cool the dappled fragrant mead.  
 Already the soft trilling songsters,  
 That wa'ld the gay grove are asleep;  
 Already the sun's parting splendour,  
 Illumines the far distant deep.

## II.

So my day's faint taper glimmers,  
 Fades and sinks and dies away;  
 Thus the song of rapture ceases,  
 Thus my fondest hopes decay.  
 Ah! since thou hast left me to sorrow,  
 I rove the wild desert alone;  
 My cheek, that was whilom so ruddy,  
 Is wan as the gleam of the moon.

## III.

When a wreath I fain would twine thee,  
 From the bloomy rose bush torn,  
 (Meet to deck thy flowing tresses,)  
 Deep I felt the pungent thorn.  
 Sure this my life's image resembles;  
 Ah! such should my destiny be;  
 The thorn's sharpest puncture I'd suffer,  
 Would fate doom the roses for thee!

## FANNY'S WORTH.

Pleyel.

AMOROSO.

Could Fan-ny's charms be bar = = ter'd, for

gold and je = wels rare; and had I count = less trea =

surps, I'd give them all for her. Let him whom wealth en =

amours, still wear its sor = did chain;



## 1.

COULD Fanny's charms be barter'd,  
 For gold and jewels rare;  
 And had I countless treasures,  
 I'd give them all for her. —  
 Let him whom wealth enamours,  
 Still wear its sordid chain;  
 Alas, without dear Fanny,  
 To me all wealth were vain.

## 2.

If Europe's ample regions  
 My potent sway should own;  
 And could I Fanny purchase,  
 I'd gladly yield my crown.  
 For city, throne, and palace,  
 And wide extended mead,  
 I'd take my blooming Fanny,  
 Were all I own'd a shed.

## 3.

Tho' fate alone determines,  
 How long we loiter here;  
 Yet could I wing the minutes,  
 And speed their swift career;  
 Whole years, I swear, should vanish,  
 For hours, were she my own;  
 For hours, and dearest Fanny,  
 But mine, and mine alone.

Nägeli.

ANDANTE.

CHOR. Snatch fleet-ing plea-sures; hence mop-ing

irk - some care! Ga - ther life's ro - ses, while,

fresh and fair. With cease-less care we court our harms, in

'quest of thorns we rove the mead, and slight the vi' - let's





1.

WITH ceaselss care we court our harms:  
 In quest of thorns we rove the mead,  
 And slight the v'lets modest charms,  
 That bloom beoath our tread.  
 Snatch fleeting pleasures, etc.

4.

Who courts fair Truth with vow sincere,  
 Nor checks Compassion's gen'rous sigh;  
 His home Contentment's smile shall cheer;  
 Blest smile, no wealth can buy!  
 Snatch fleeting pleasures, etc.

2.

What tho' at morn the tempest lour,  
 And round the forky lightnings play,  
 Ereloog the stormy blast is o'er;  
 And gladsome smiles the day.  
 Snatch fleeting pleasures, etc.

5.

Whene'er intruding gloom prevails,  
 And sorrow prompts the starting tear,  
 Kiod Friendship's smile the cloud dispels,  
 And softens ev'ry care.  
 Snatch fleeting pleasures, etc.

3.

The breast that envy on'er alarms,  
 Seeks pure delight in calm retreat;  
 And all alive to Nature's charms,  
 Meets bliss that flies the great.  
 Snatch fleeting pleasures, etc.

6.

For Friendship stills Affliction's sigh,  
 And smooths Misfortune's rugged way;  
 To twilight turo the darksome sky,  
 And twilight into day.  
 Snatch fleeting pleasures, etc.

7.

Hail, sacred Friendship, heav'nly pow'r,  
 To thee the daily vow shall rise;  
 So blithe shall glide the fleeting hour,  
 And lead to brighter skies!  
 Snatch fleeting pleasures, etc.

## THE FAREWELL.

Sterkel.

LENTO  
CON  
ESPRESSIONE

ten ten O think on

me when joy thy hour be-tides, and hap-ly too, when grief this heart in-vades.

O think on me when e'er thy joy sub-sides, and oft perchance, when fan-cy's

fal-ry vi-sion fa-des. And when the Flush of joy pos-ses-ses

all thy soul; when no-vel-ty's gay toy shall part-try'd Faith con-trol; then

list, as seems to thee my steadfast soul to say: tr.

O think on me. O think on me.

Dal Segno

## 2.

O think on me, when soon my lot severe  
 Condemns me hence to exile and regret;  
 And month on month shall roll, and year on year,  
 And in vain, look round, in vain, thy name repeat.  
 To me, in foreign clime,  
 Be some soft hours assign'd:  
 For ne'er to place and time  
 Is faithful love confin'd;  
 And think, wher'er I am, my heart to thine shall say:  
 "O think on me!"

## 3.

O think on me, even when the darksome sod  
 The heart, which once so fondly beat, inurns.  
 When off the soul shall cast its drossy load,  
 And chaste'd love prevails, and purer passion burns;  
 My spirit then to thee  
 Its flight shall fondly wing;  
 Its bodements sweet shall be  
 And balmy comforts bring.  
 Should'st thou soft whispers hear, know then they fain would say:  
 "O think on me!"

## SONG

Zumsteeg.

ALLEGRO

MODERATO.

I sat and span be- side my cot, and straight a come-ly youth came  
by; His ha- zel eye with glee was fraught, his cheek was flush'd with crimson die.  
Be- hind my wheel I mark'd the man, and sat a-bash'd, and span and span.

1.

I SAT and span beside my cot,  
And straight a comely youth came by;  
His hazel eye with glee was fraught,  
His cheek was flush'd with crimson die.  
Behind my wheel I mark'd the man,  
And sat abash'd, and span and span.

## 2.

With friendly voice, "Good morn," he said,  
 And shyly graceful nearer came;  
 My falt'ring fingers broke the thread,  
 And sudden tremours shook my frame.  
 To join the clew I now began,  
 And sat abash'd, and span and span.

## 3.

My hand he seiz'd and closely press'd,  
 And vow'd no hand like mine was fair;  
 As soft as cygnet's downy breast,  
 And white and round beyond compare.  
 Such words a maiden's pride might fan;  
 Yet, still abash'd, I sat and span.

## 4.

Upon my chair he lean'd his arm,  
 And prais'd the slender well-wrought thread;  
 His cherry lips, so fresh and warm,  
 Then sweetly utter'd, "dearest maid!"  
 His soft glance through my bosom ran:  
 I sat abash'd, and span and span.

## 5.

Meanwhile he'd closer thrust his face;  
 It nearly touch'd my glowing cheek.  
 My head, as whirl'd the wheel apace,  
 Of brush'd by chance his face so sleek.  
 To kiss and toy he now began;  
 I sat abash'd, and span and span.

## 6.

In serious guise my looks I dress'd,  
 And bade the forward youth retire;  
 In vain; he clasp'd me round the waist,  
 And kiss'd my cheek as red as fire.  
 Then maidens, blame me, if you can,  
 That I no longer sat and span.

## DITHYRAMBUS.

Reichardt.

VIVACE.

Haste the joys of life to share; seize the moments  
as they fly. Soon shall close the scene so fair; soon we  
droop, and fade, and die.

1.

HASTE the joys of life to share;  
Seize the moments as they fly;  
Soon shall cease the scene so fair;—  
Soon we droop, and fade, and die.

2.

Laugh at physics' pert grimace;  
Scorn the water-drinking train:  
Wine, that soothes the soul's disease,  
Sooths alike the body's pain.

3.

Wine, the balm kind nature pours,  
Rosy health and bloom supplies.  
Crown the bowl with fairest flow'rs,  
Drink—and glee at bottom lies.

4.

Now his rites let Bacchus claim,  
Let his fragrant altars burn;—  
Soon shall Love the breast inflame;  
Love shall triumph in his turn.

## SPRING.

Reichardt.

LENTO

Fresher green the lawns dis-play, ver-nal a-dours scent the  
dale; gayly trills the lin-net's lay, sweetly wails the night-in-gale. See the  
grove its buds dis-close; love a-wakes the soft re-cess; now each shepherd bold-er  
grows, kin-der ev'-ry shep-her-dess.

2.

Now the blossom rears its head,  
Spring recalls its blooming pride:  
Spring enamels o'er the mead,  
Decks the hillock's sloping side.  
See the lily of the vale,  
Peeping through its leafy shade,  
Half its modest charms conceal:  
Garland meet for spotless maid!

3.

Now the woodbine's twining shade,  
Sweetly forms the rustic bow'r;—  
Soft retreat of youth and maid,  
True to love's appointed hour!  
Fonder grows the Zephyr's kiss,  
Pleasure wakes at Nature's call;  
Vernal life, and thrilling bliss,  
Feels the heart that feels at all!

## SONG

TENEROSO

Young Fan-ny, the soft-est of maidens, was wou'd by the fond-est of

swains. Her voice was the mu-sic of na-ture; his pipe the delight of the plains. They.

haunt the broad beeches kind shelter, and mutually heave the soft sigh; they van-ble in

quest of new vi' lets, and toy as the sweet mo-ments fly.



## 1.

YOUNG Fanny, the softest of maidens  
 Was woo'd by the fondest of swains ;  
 Her voice was the music of nature,  
 His pipe, the delight of the plains,  
 They haunt the broad beeches' kind shelter,  
 And mutually heave the fond sigh ;  
 They ramble in quest of new violets,  
 And toy as the sweet moments fly .

## 2.

They parted and hied to their hamlets ;  
 The youth pip'd an amorous lay .  
 The maid hung her head in soft languor :—  
 The violets were wither'd away !  
 Alas ! and so soon are ye faded ;  
 Sweet flow'rets, how short is your span !  
 She sigh'd and she wept and bewail'd her ;  
 And ey'd the sad emblem of man .

## 3.

Thou softest and sweetest of maidens,  
 O ease thy kind heart of its load ;  
 No longer bewail the fair flow'ret,  
 And wander with caution abroad .  
 Be thyself of bright wisdom the pattern,  
 And warn all the giddy and fair .—  
 One step from the footpath of virtue,  
 And sorrow and ruin are there .

## ALLEGRETTO.

Blossom, love-liest flower, planted by this hand; sweetest odours  
shower, brightest tints expand. Envied joys attend thee, to my love I'll send thee,  
on her breast to lie, happy destiny!

1.  
BLOSSOM, loveliest flower,  
Planted by this hand;  
Sweetest odours shower,  
Brightest tints expand.  
Envied joys attend thee,  
To my love I'll send thee,  
On her breast to lie;  
Happy destiny!

2.  
Peggy, little charmer,  
Is my best-lov'd maid:—  
Should ill-fortune harm her,—  
Sure I'd weep me dead.  
Other maids excelling,  
She alone has dwelling,  
In my inmost breast;  
There she reigns confess'd.

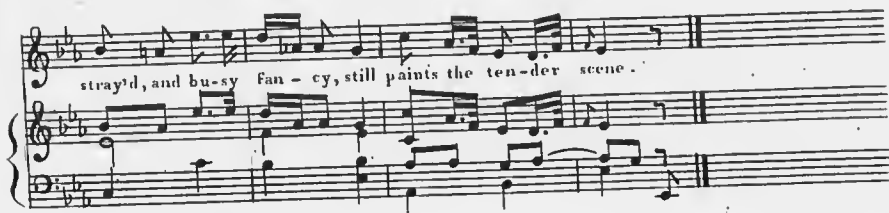
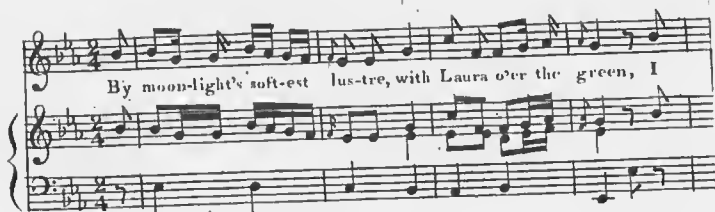
3.  
Sure a girl so pretty  
Nowhere shall be found;  
And, though blooming Kitty  
Charms the village round;  
Yet, I must avow it,  
Careless who may know it,  
Might I Kitty wed,  
"No" should soon be said.

4.  
Yes, the little smiler  
Holds my heart alone;  
Nor will I beguile her,  
When I'm older grown,  
Yes, her beauties move me,  
Next to heav'n above me,  
Nothing have I here  
Half as she so dear!

5.  
Oft the lads and lasses  
Mock my tender care,  
Oft, as Peggy passes,  
Slyly at me stare.  
Nought their jeering moves me,  
Dearest Peggy loves me;  
Soon they all shall see  
Peggy wed with me.

6.  
Happy-fated flower,  
'Ere to her you fly;  
Blossom near my bower,  
'Neath the vernal sky.  
Soon, thy joy increasing,  
Peggy's bosom gracing,  
Kisses wait for thee:  
One, perchance, for me!

AFFETTUOSO.



1.

BY moon light's softest lustre  
With Laura o'er the green,  
I stray'd, and busy fancy,  
Still paints the tender scene.

2.

Soon breath'd the Zephyr warmer  
As hand in hand we came;  
And soon a gentle tremor  
Seiz'd all my troubled frame.

3.

My Laura's eye reflected  
Mild Cynthia's silver ray;  
And on her lip it trembled,  
And shed a sweeter day.

4.

A tear of love quick starting,  
Fell glist'ning from my eye;  
And tender sighs half stifled,  
To Laura softly fly.

5.

All silent was the maiden,  
A tear bedimm'd her sight;  
The moon the tear illumin'd,  
I mark'd its pearly light.

6.

Near dreamt my gentle Laura,  
Her eye that tear betray'd:  
The drop still palely glimmer'd,  
As down her cheek it stray'd.

7.

The landscape faded round me,  
And vanish'd from my view;  
Ah, surely shall I never  
Such tender joys renew!

## THE FISHER.

Reichardt.

CON TENUTO

TEMPO

E VOCE.

In gurgling eddies roll'd the tide, the wily angler sat its

verdant willow'd bank be-side, and spread the treach'rous bait. Reclin'd he sits in

care-less mood; the floating quill he eyes; when, rising from the opening flood, a

humid maid he spies.

*p*

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

## 1.

IN gurgling eddies roll'd the tide,  
 The wily angler sat  
 Its verdant willow'd bank beside,  
 And spread the treach'rous bait.  
 Reclin'd he sits in-careless mood,  
 The floating quill he eyes;—  
 When, rising from the opening flood,  
 A humil'd maid he spies.

## 2.

She sweetly sung, she sweetly said,  
 As gaz'd the wond'ring swain;  
 "Why thus with murd'rous arts invade  
 "My placid harmless reign!  
 "Ah, didst thou know, how blest, how free  
 "The finny myriads stray;  
 "Thou'dst long to dive the limpid sea,  
 "And live as blest as they."

## 3.

"The sun, the lovely queen of night,  
 "Beneath the deep repair;  
 "And thence, in streamy lustre bright,  
 "Return more fresh and fair.  
 "Nor tempts thee yon ætherial space,  
 "Betting'd with liquid blue!—  
 "Nor tempts thee not thy pictur'd face,  
 "To bathe in worlds of dew!"

## 4.

The tide in gurgling eddies rose,  
 It reach'd his trembling feet:  
 His heart with fond impatience glows  
 The promis'd joys to meet.  
 So sung the soft, the winning fair;  
 Alas! ill-fated swain!—  
 Half-dragg'd, half-pleas'd, he sinks with her  
 And never was seen again!

## SONG

Kauer

ANDANTE

My bow'rs are haunts of love and glee; haste, gen-tle knight, and

fly to me. haste gen-tle knight and fly to me. My

heart is soft, my man-sion fair, and beauty's smile a - - waits thee there. My

bow'rs are haunts of love and glee; haste, gen-tle knight, and fly to



## 1.

MY bow'rs are haunts of love and glee,  
 Haste, gentle knight and fly to me.  
 My heart is soft, my mansion fair,  
 And beauty's smile awaits thee there.

## 2.

Didst thou, the nymph that sues, but know!  
 What feelings in her bosom glow.  
 And what a train of youths contend  
 To win her heart, and claim her hand!

## 3.

Yet, what are all this train to me.  
 Whose fondest wishes hang on thee!  
 For thee alone I'd live and die;  
 Then haste, dear knight, and hither fly.

## SONG.

Süssmeier.

ALLEGRO FROTO.

When-e'er a comely lass I spy; all lost in soft sur-prise, I

thank, my stars, be-gin to sigh, then own her conqu'ring eyes. And while I gaze my

wits a-way, and fondly bless my fate; my captive heart bespeaks her sway, and flutters

pit-a-pat!



## 1.

WHENE'ER a comely lass I spy;  
 All lost in soft surprise,  
 I thank my stars, begin to sigh,  
 Then own her conqu'ring eyes.  
 And while I gaze my wits away,  
 And fondly bless my fate;  
 My captive heart bespeaks her sway,  
 And flutters pit - a - pat !

## 2.

At first, perchance, the bashful fair  
 To love is disinclined ;  
 So let her be, — I little care,  
 Ere-long she grows more kind :  
 For soon we smiling looks impart,  
 Soon toy, and flirt, and chat ;  
 Then love invades her yielding heart,  
 And mine beats pit - a - pat !

## 3.

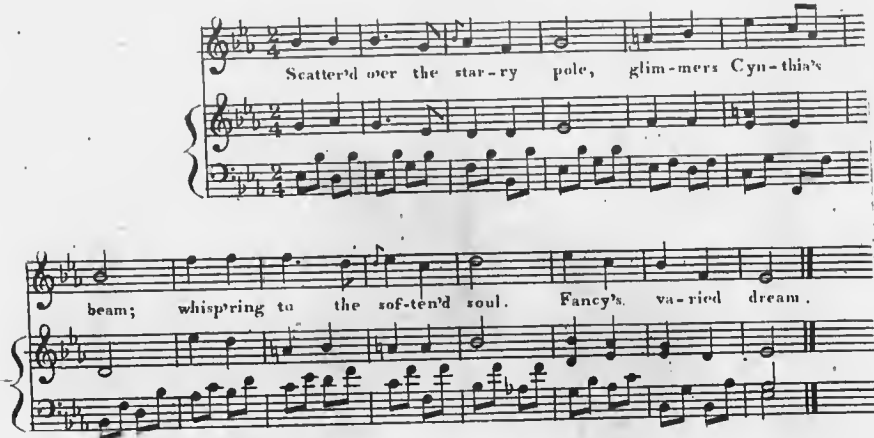
And now, as oft the maid I greet,  
 Her hand I softly press ;  
 And oft the gentle squeeze repeat,  
 Oft taste a rifled kiss.  
 While silent joys each bosom charm,  
 And check our am'rous chat,  
 Each heart beats high to love's alarm,  
 And flutters pit - a - pat !

## 4.

To him who never such rapture proves,  
 How cheerless wears the day ! —  
 How poor the wretch that never loves,  
 Nor yields to beauty's sway !  
 O may the heart of softer frame,  
 To nought but pleasure beat,  
 When, all alive to love's dear name,  
 It flutters pit - a - pat !

## MOON-LIGHT.

Reichardt.



1.

SCATTER'D o'er the starry pole,  
Glimmers Cynthia's beam;  
Whispering to the soften'd soul  
Fancy's varied dream.

2.

O'er the landscape, far and nigh,  
Gleams the glowing night,  
Soft as friendship's melting eye  
Bends its soothing light.

3.

Touch'd in turn, by joy and pain,  
Quick responds my heart; —  
Floats, as memory paints the scene,  
'Twiixt delight and smart.

4.

Riv'let, speed thy flowing maze;  
So my years have flown!  
Past delights thy lapse displays;  
Joys for ever gone!

5.

Dear the transports once I knew:  
Dear and lov'd in vain: —  
Memory's lingering fond review  
Turns the past to pain.

6.

Riv'let, urge thy ceaseless flow,  
Gurgling speed thee on;  
Whispering strains of plaintive woe:  
Mournful unison! —

7.

— Whether, at the midnight scene,  
Swells thy troubled source;  
Or, along the flow'ry green,  
Glides with gentler course.

8.

Blest the man, who timely wise,  
Seeks retirement's shade;  
Blest, whose lot a friend supplies,  
Partner of the glade; —

9.

Calmer pleasures there invite;  
Joys, nor vain, nor bad;  
Joys, that erring mortals slight;  
Joys that shun the crowd!

## SONG.

Reichardt.

Rose.

MODERATO

Hail, thou me-lo-dious night-in-gale, that seek'st thy wont-ed  
Sweet he-rald, to the list'ning dale, of wel-come spring's re-

haunts a-gain, The self-same bow'r once more in-vites, still bides the close re-treat of  
turning reign.

love, whose kindling warmth a-gain de-lights, and wakes to joy the ver-nal grove.

2.

Colin.

New life pervades the vocal dell,  
Soft music wakes on ev'ry tree.  
And each fair flow'ret seems to tell  
How love imparts sweet sympathy.  
The violet breathes its sweet perfume,  
The wild-rose wantons in the brake  
The woodbine's shouts expand their bloom,  
And our lov'd cottage-caves bedeck.

3.

Rose and Colin.

The votive wreath we twine and bring,  
Love's genial festival to crown.  
O be our love one endless spring,  
To care and sorrow's blights unknown!  
Ye larks, pour forth your early song,  
And swell the concert of the grove:  
And thou, sweet Philomel, prolong,  
At eve, the strains of faithful love.

First solo, then in chorus.

Reichardt.

MODERATO.

Blooming Hope, still young and fair, soothes the wretch whom  
 ill as - sail; Ne'er shall moping gloom pre-vail; Hope, fond Hope, shall heal his  
 care, Hope, fond Hope, shall heal his care. Let capricious For - tune frown,  
 Friendship, Fame and wealth de - cay; cheer'd by bloom-ing Hope a - lone  
 plea - sure speeds our de - vious way.

Solo  
 Dal Segno.

## 1.

BLOOMING Hope, still young and fair,  
 Soothes the wretch, whom ills assail,  
 Never shall moping gloom prevail;  
 Hope, fond Hope, shall heal his care.

## 2.

Let capricious Fortune frown;  
 Friendship, fame, and wealth decay;  
 Cheer'd by blooming Hope alone,  
 Pleasure speeds our devious way.

Blooming Hope, etc.

## 3.

Hope, to thee his artless vows  
 Yearly breathes the labouring swain;  
 Trust to thee, and gayly mow  
 Waving crops of golden grain.

Blooming Hope, etc.

## 4.

He, of treasur'd hoards bereav'd,  
 Or in shackled misery;  
 He, from earliest days enslav'd,  
 All unite to worship thee.

Blooming Hope, etc.

## 5.

Hastes the tree of life to fade,  
 Strew its blossoms fast the ground!  
 Smiling Hope, celestial maid,  
 Shows the root still fresh and sound.

Blooming Hope, etc.

## 6.

Midst destruction, rage, and fear,  
 Death's red banner wide unroll'd;  
 Still shall blooming Hope appear,  
 Beck'ning from another world.

Blooming Hope, etc.

## SONG.

Himmel.

ANDANTE  
TENEROSO.

I think of thee, when rising day inflames the  
orient main. I think of thee, when Dian's silver beams il-  
lume the plain.

1.

I THINK of thee, when rising day inflames  
The orient main.  
I think of thee, when Dian's silver beams  
Illumine the plain.

2.

Thy form I view, though mists obscure thy way, I'm still with thee: how'er remote thou art,  
And round thee spread.  
Thy form I view, when nightly pilgrims stray The sun declines, the stars their gleam impart;—  
With fearful tread. O wert thou here!

3.

I hear thee, when distant surges break  
With sullen sound;  
And oft the silent grave's recess I seek,  
And listen round.

4.

